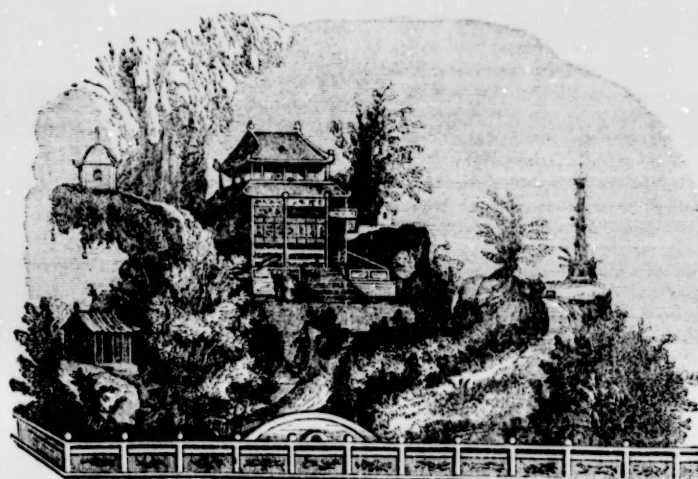


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(WHOLE NO. 207.)



CHINESE COUNTRY VILLA.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

It is supposed that the first migratory tribe that passed beyond the deserts of central Asia settled in the province of Shensi, which borders on Tartary, where they laid the foundation of the present monarchy, and became the progenitors of the people known as the Chinese, who gradually spread themselves over that vast tract of country which they at present occupy. According to the native historians, the first emperor was Fohi, a chief chosen by his countrymen to rule over them on account of his manifold virtues, and styled by his subjects "the son of heaven," a title borne by the sovereigns of China at the present day. The ancient records mention nine sovereigns of the dynasty founded by Fohi, all of whom they suppose to have been gifted with superhuman virtues and knowledge, by which they were enabled to rescue the people from their original barbarism, and to instruct them in the arts of civilized life. But it is quite problematical that any such dynasty or any such person as Fohi ever existed.

Yu the Great is probably the first real character in Chinese history, the date of whose accession is fixed at somewhat more than two thousand years before the Christian era. Supposing that the monarchy was established before the time of the patriarch Abraham, we may reasonably conclude that while the mighty Pharaohs were ruling over Egypt the Chinese were in existence as a great nation. Whether they had any intercourse with the ancient Egyptians is uncertain, but there is sufficient evidence to prove that they had attained to as high a degree of civilization as that people, and greatly resembled them in many of their laws and usages, which have descended from generation to generation, with so few changes, that there is but little difference between the habits and customs of the Chinese of the present day, and those of their forefathers who dwelt on the land two thousand years ago.

The monarchy is the most absolute that ever existed, the emperor having unbounded power and authority over the lives and property of his subjects; his words are oracles, and his commands are obeyed and executed with alacrity and humility; being regarded as the vicegerent of the Ruler of the world, and the father of his people; upon the reciprocal duties of parent and children, the laws and political government of China are established; and the principle is found interwoven through all their institutions. Accordingly, we find the emperor designated as "Son of Heaven," "August Sovereign," "Holy Emperor," "Father of the Empire," while he is treated with the most abject and servile submission; none daring to approach him except on bended knees, or pass his habitation except on foot. The whole empire is considered to suffer in his person, and his loss is the only misfortune his subjects should dread; should indisposition overtake him, the alarm is instantly sounded, and princes and mandarins of all classes hurry to the palace courts, where, on bended knees, and regardless of the inclemency of the weather, they pass day and night in token of their grief and respect, while they implore Heaven for his restoration. So great is the respect and reverence with which the emperor is regarded, that the people accord

the same marks of respect. In his absence, to his ministers of state, viceroys, and mandarins, of all grades, in the execution of their respective offices, regarding each officer as the representative of their sovereign, and "rendering honor to whom honor is due."

The language and actions of both the emperor and people accord well with the principles of their government; if a province be visited with pestilence or famine, the emperor forbids amusements; fasting, he confines himself to his palace; and publishes proclamations wherein "the deep lamentations wherewith he bemoans both day and night—the misfortunes of his children, which wound his heart to the quick, and continually occupy his thoughts, searching for the means of restoring them to happiness," are set forth in glowing terms; the whole document bearing the impress of one addressed to the members of a large and mighty family, by a kind and indulgent parent. On the other hand, their moral maxims, the books of their ancient sages, abound in passages such as these—"The son of heaven, even our mighty emperor, hath he not been placed upon the throne by Heaven?" "The holy emperor sits upon his throne, the parent of his people; he should not, therefore, be feared so much as he should be loved for his virtue and his kindness."

Notwithstanding the great power wherewith the emperor is invested, the law permits his ministers of state humbly to remonstrate with him, and to submit what they may conceive to be errors in the administration of the government; and should the emperor inflict punishment upon his officer for making such representations, history affords many examples of martyrs who have suffered death in their attempts to oppose the deviations of their prince from the paths of wisdom, and in consequence have received the highest encomiums from the nation, and rendered their names immortal. The position of emperor can be no sinecure in China when we reflect that all public documents must pass through his hands, and receive his approbation or veto. The tranquility of the empire depends entirely upon the indefatigable assiduity of the prince, to preserve order and superintend the administration of justice; should he and his council relax in their zeal, the viceroys and mandarins in distant parts of the empire would become tyrants, from whose provinces and districts justice would be banished, and revolt would ensue; of such results there have been ample proofs in Chinese history, which serves as examples to warn emperors to tread in the steps of their great predecessors who retained their authority and secured tranquility and prosperity to their indefatigable watchfulness.

The arts of civilized life were, undoubtedly, acquired by the Chinese at a very early period, and promoted by the rulers of the country. The earliest and most useful of these arts were husbandry and silk-weaving, both of which must have been taught by necessity as soon as the nation was established, as the people depended for subsistence on the cultivation of the land, and for clothing, on the chief natural product of the country, adapted for that purpose, which was found in the vast woods of China, where silkworms were abundant on many species of the forest-trees. The merit of teaching

the people to weave silk into garments, and to dye it of various colors, is ascribed to an emperor, whose name holds a place in the fabulous history of the empire; and that of instructing them in husbandry is given to Shunung, the immediate successor of Fohi, whose name is held in veneration accordingly, and even to this day are annual sacrifices offered up and a festival held in China, in honor of the prince who first wore silken garments, and of the monarch who taught his people to plough the earth, and who is commemorated under the title of "the divine husbandman."

The pursuits of agriculture have always been and still are held in high estimation by the Chinese, who commence the agricultural year with a grand festival in honor of the spring; on which occasion the emperor, in imitation of his ancient predecessor, performs the operations of ploughing and sowing seed in a field set apart for that purpose, a custom that has very seldom been neglected by the sovereigns of the Chinese empire, who thus by their own example, stimulate their subjects to the performance of these useful and necessary labors, and maintained the honorable position and character of the husbandman, who even now holds a rank in society above that of a soldier or the merchant, however wealthy the latter may be.

As a further indication of the advancement in civilization, the Chinese early began to erect those elegant villas, in which their taste is so eminently displayed; and as the chief business of each individual is to be engaged in husbandry, the villas are usually placed in some picturesque situation, either on the top of an eminence, at the foot of a rock, or perhaps on a wooded island in the midst of a lake, all these features of the landscape had in most cases to be assisted by art; and thus arose the singular style of ornamental gardening in China.

Living, with all that can ennoble our nature by proper and careful cultivation. It is, then, but to us, to either avail ourselves of the attributes of goodness or lead a life of vice and folly, by disregarding every warning of conscience and neglecting to practice every exalted virtue. We have a sense of right and wrong implanted in our bosoms, that makes us accountable and responsible to God for our actions. If good, then, is in man's power, why does he not pursue it? The reason is obvious. He cannot see the beauty of holiness; nor does he feel the obligation which he is under to serve faithfully his Maker. The light of a divine nature has never lighted up the dark recesses of the wicked man's soul. Religion possesses no charms for him; nor does the love of virtue attract him to any noble deeds of kindness. He may have a sympathetic heart, a philanthropic feeling, and a patriotic heart; yet, after all, he may be devoid of some of the most distinguishing virtues, that are requisite, to render a man happy and glorious through life. It is an impulse of a nobler kind, that inspires the bosom of the Christian. He wants no brighter hope than that of glory; nor a better feeling than that to worship his Heavenly Master.

There is a beauty in holiness truly enchanting; a sublimity that is loftier and grander than that of the Appennines, or the rugged peaks of the Chimborazo. It is a beauty that carries us beyond the summits of the mountains, above the enchanted things of earth, up to the gates of heaven, from whence all goodness and glory springs. Come, then, wicked man! cease thy wandering ways, that you partake of the holiness which will enable you to live happier in this world, and more glorious in that world to come. A. A. G.

New Year's Call.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Come with me to New York, and take a peep into Mrs. Flowerbug's parlors this morning! They appear unusually gay today! It is New Year's. These elegant long pier glasses reflect brighter than ever these brilliant gorgeous carpets, and the luxurious cushioned sofas and chairs. Yes, these are all for well people, dear Aunt Greenwood, not an invalid indeed ever thought to nestle therein—although you might dream how easy they would feel to some aching limbs—if they had the rheumatism!

People find so little to do on this day, and so much on every other, that they often never visit except on New Year's day. Then what a time the ladies make! What fixings and what fuss! The milliners' and dress-makers' tastes are sorely put to test to suit Madame and Miss for so great an occasion! Invitations are sent, and everybody comes! Only gentlemen visitors are received on this day, and every lady is expected to be "at home."

I see our friend Mrs. Flowerbug has every arrangement made—even to the little black nigger Josh to open the street door! He shines so bright, a body might think she made him grease his face! What a woman for appearances! By the way, Aunt Greenwood, I see she has borrowed your costly cameo vases you brought from Rome. There goes the door bell—tinkle! tinkle! You and I will sit down, Aunt Greenwood, and see who comes.

I have heard ladies remark, "how tired I am," after New Year's. Mrs. Alderman P. says she always receives three hundred calls! She has three grown daughters—they may walk out and in the parlors a hundred times apiece; perhaps that is what she means. They live up town in a "brown stone front." O, indeed, this is Mr. Poodle! I came very near not recognizing him, he held that quizzing glass up so long. "Fine weather—aw—delightful morning—aw—ad many calls to-day—aw—O, first one—aw! They adjourn to a refreshment table, loaded down with every luxury of the season; fills goblet of wine, and drinks to Mrs. Flowerbug's health. Exit Mr. Poodle. Do you hear Mrs. Flowerbug scold Josh for shutting that door with a bang?

O, here comes a gay party—one, two, half dozen! Wont the old oar and sweet wines vanish now? "To your health, ladies!" is oftener spoken; indeed, there is such a clatter I can hear nothing else.

"You hope Mrs. Flowerbug will be vain enough after to-day, that you have heard her

told how handsome she is more than forty times!"

"To be sure you have!" "Why, Aunt Greenwood, how unsophisticated you are!" Does she want all this trouble for nothing? Oh Mr. Poodle—three young Mr. Poodles—But what on earth is going on at the door?" "Has Josh run away? I shall certainly know that Mrs. Flowerbug borrowed him for the day?" "I'll just step out and look."

"Why, if 'tisn't Mr. Greely, tending the front door?" "Loose, Mr. Greely, Josh didn't come into the parlor—he knows better!" "Taking his place?" "Well, you can stand there—but everybody will know some one has deserted his post. What a philanthropic idea?"

Yonder are some chaps walking across the way, but they don't seem to go straight. They have drunk "to your health" a few times too often. Perhaps they are trying to find where the grand party is to be, by gosh! now as it is here at Mrs. Flowerbug's, and as less than three hundred calls will content us, suppose we make our exit from the gay and fashionable Mrs. Flowerbug's, Hyacinth street, No. one hundred and eighty-two.

THE HOUR OF REST.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Hour of rest, serene and tranquil,
As a sleeping infant's slumbers,
Are the themes which thou representest,
Mental conflict, all subsiding,
And the spirit's trust renewing.

Hour of rest, I greet thy coming,
On thy soft and downy wings,
And the quiet which enwraps thee,
And the foam of peace it brings:
Welcome, ever, to the weary,
Thou the night be late or early.

Hour of Rest, the spirit's haven

From the weary cares of life,
By Eternal wisdom given,
To alay this mental strife,
Even now, I feel the blessing
Of the dawn of thy refreshing.

Profession and Practice.

Two kinds of witnesses are often encountered in courts of justice—the unwilling witness and the too willing witness. Here is one who doesn't come under either category. The prosecuting attorney thus addresses him:

"Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession."

"He has been a professor ever since I have known him."

"A professor of what?"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks—What does he do?"

"Well, generally what he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd, when they go to drink."

"Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now, state sir, how the defendant supports himself?"

"I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp post."

"May it please your Honor, this witness shows an evident disposition to trifle with this honorable Court."

The Court—Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The Court, let me say, has no idea that you mean to be disingenuous."

"Occupation, did you say sir?"

"Occupation," answered the judge.

"Yes," echoed the counsel. "What was his occupation?"

"If I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town."

That's all, Mr. Parks. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion?"

"He is."

"Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence, or letters of any kind."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"

"No sir! I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have

known the defendant a long time; what are his habits? loose or otherwise?"

"The one he has on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms; it is certainly too short waisted for the fashion."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR BOWEN.

Illustrated edition of *School Days at Rugby*—The Professor at the Breakfast Table—Self Help, by Samuel Smiles—Elegant new volume, the white Hills—Fuller's Sermons—A Wife's Trials and Triumphs—The Foreign Quarterly—Institute Lectures—The Higher Christian Education.

When the famous book, *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, first appeared—only three years ago or less—the British Reviews and Magazines first, as it first appeared in England, and the American periodicals immediately after, with scarcely an exception, devoted whole pages to an estimate of its merits, and a candid acknowledgment of its extraordinary merits. The universal response of the less critical public has fully endorsed this unanimous opinion of the literary sponsors, and *Tom Brown*, in three years' time, has become a classic, sharing with the older authors a popularity that will not soon decay. Graphic in its details of inner school life, perfect in its pictures of boy character and of character in its growth, and invaluable for its glimpses of the great and good Dr. Arnold and his world-wide system, this interesting volume in its many, sturdy moral lessons and examples, gives a beautiful instance of abundant success acquired simply by naturalness and quiet strength. We feel that the editions of such a narrative cannot be too numerous multiplied, and all lovers of good books will rejoice in the elegant new edition published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. There are three things which make this new edition covetable, even to those who already know the book by heart. First is the preface, now first printed in the American edition. It is a reply to reviewers and correspondents, in which Dr. Arnold and the boys who became men under his tuition and example are nobly defended. Secondly, the illustrations, which are done in the very graphic and popular outline style from designs by Larkin G. Meade, Jr. And, lastly, rose-tinted paper, beautiful typography, broad, clear margins, octavo page, and general holiday appearance, combine to make the rich volume one of the most desirable of the season, and one which will survive in interest long after the season.

No work published this season requires less attention at the critic's hands to secure for it general perusal, than Dr. Holmes' *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, now completed and published in a neat 12mo. volume by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The series of papers with which the Dr. has from month to month during the past two years enriched the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has made his name a household word throughout the length of the land. Since the "Noctes Androsæne" of Kit North, no magazine papers have achieved so complete and universal success as the *Autocrat's* and the *Professor's*. Surely every reader will wish to add to the library a volume which marks so distinctive a feature in American literature. We are glad to notice in the new number of the *Atlantic*—beginning a volume—that Dr. Holmes opens "The Professor's Story," a more continuous narrative than he has yet contributed, but marked by the same observation, philosophy and sentiment of the *Breakfast Table* dispositions.

The same publishers issue an important volume, *Self Help, with illustrations of Character and Conduct*, by Samuel Smiles, well known for his charming narrative, "The Life of George Stephenson." In this work the author draws numerous examples from men who have risen to eminence by the determined efforts of their own will. All classes in life, from the highest to the lowest, are represented, and the work forms an excellent biographical dictionary of men who have grown to eminence from small beginnings. These illustrations of self-formed character cannot be too often repeated, and when told by so forcible and eloquent a pen as Dr. Smiles' they acquire a two-fold use,fulness.

We have rarely had occasion to direct the attention of the lover of good books and fine books to a more superb volume than one just issued by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, entitled *The White Hills, Their Legends, Landscapes and Poetry*, by Thomas Starr King, with sixty illustrations, engraved by Andrew from designs by Winslow. The author explains the object of his noble volume to be "to direct attention to the landscapes that lie along the routes by which the White Mountains are now approached by tourists—many of which are still unknown to the traveler: to help persons appreciate landscape more adequately; and to associate with the principal scenic poetic passages which illustrate, either the permanent character of the views, or some peculiar aspect in which the author of the book has seen them. The noble scenery of the picturesque valleys of the Androscegonia and Connecticut are laid before the stay-at-home traveler, both by pen and pencil, and the tradition, poetry and legend of the storied region are charmingly narrated, for both the tourist and the mere reader who never expects to gaze upon the delightful reality. Seldom has the intention of an author been so fully executed in every essential as in this work. The plan of interweaving poems of poetry from such authors as Whittier, Percival, Longfellow and others, is excellent, and in this the author has done justice to himself. For the rest—the illustrations, the satin-surfaced paper, the clear type,

broad margins and elegant binding, every one who examines the work will agree with us that a more exquisite volume could not possibly be desired.

A volume of *Sermons*, by Richard Fuller, D.D., of Baltimore, has just been published by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York. Dr. Fuller is a leading clergyman in the Baptist Church, remarkable for his liberality, learning and eloquence. His volume of sermons is practical and free from more than an occasional reference to the peculiarities of the author's communion, and can be read with profit by members of any denomination. In substantial excellence and devotional spirit they compare favorably with any efforts of the kind, and in many respects are superior to the discourses of the famous English preacher of the same faith, whose volumes sell by hundreds of thousands. We allude to Spurgeon, of whose books Messrs. Sheldon & Co., his publishers, have sold about 250,000 volumes. We bespeak for the American a fair hearing, especially in the South, where he is best known.

The same publishers issue, in a duodecimo volume, as handsome as our tinted, smooth-surfaced paper, delicious type, and attractive binding of a new pattern, can make it a reprint of a new English novel, called *The Wife's Trials and Triumphs*, by the author of "Grace Hamilton's School-Days," "Kingsdown Lodge," etc. It is an excellent story, drawn from the every-day experience of married life among the middle ranks in England. A young, affectionate, resourceful girl, marrying above her rank in knowledge, wealth and station, is treated coldly by her high-bred connections, and, at last, estrangement creeps in between the young couple themselves. This increases, as it generally does, through mutual faults, until at last, sorrow, the great teacher, brings them wisdom, when love and happiness return. The religious element is also prominent, and the reader draws the moral that in all trial and affliction the Cross of Christ is the only lasting refuge. We commend the volume with the heartiest endorsement.

Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., have completed the issue of their foreign reprints for the quarter, by the publication of the *North British Review* for November, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for December. The former contains a dozen articles crowded with various information, and brilliant with that witching rhetoric, lucid style, and argumentative force still as characteristic of this powerful periodical as in the days when Dr. Chalmers ruled over its philosophic pages. One single article in the present number, than our "Libraries," for its stores of facts, bearing with the results of a various exhaustive reading of whatever could bring to light a single fact in connection, is of itself worth the price of a year's subscription. The "North British" stands as it has always stood the great organ of evangelical literature. One of its principal contributors is the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

For its slashing and brilliant criticisms, stirring and unflinching political tirades, eloquent disquisitions on art and science, and even its detestable narratives, which, however, in "Old Ebony" always assume a higher rank than in any other periodical, *Blackwood's Magazine*, we hesitate not to say it is now as it has always been the most readable monthly in the world. Alison, the historian; Dr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*; Bulwer Lytton; and George Henry Lewis, are among its regular contributors. The first of these is contributing a series of slashing papers on Macaulay's History, cutting into the noble lord in a right skillful manner. No intelligent reader should be without *Blackwood*, or indeed any of the five reprints published by Leonard Scott & Co. They contain the richest fruits of the combined scholarship, wit and genius of Great Britain; and ten dollars, the whole price of the five, will not begin to pay for a thousandth part of their value. The new year is the time to subscribe.

The attention which is given to education in this State will secure the examination and hearty approval of two new works just from the press of Messrs. A. L. Barnes & Barr, New York, Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The first of these is the *Institute Lectures on Mental and Moral Culture*, by Samuel P. Bates, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Crawford county, Penn. The author has endeavored in these lectures to present, in a popular and interesting form, some of the leading topics which most intimately concern the teachers and patrons of our schools. The language is forcible, clear and striking, and many practical suggestions, based on a large experience, are laid before the reader. Teachers and parents, and all who take an interest in education, will be benefited by its study. We have been especially delighted in the elegant lecture on *The Power of Spoken Thought*.

Mr. Benjamin W. Dwight, well known for his works on practical education, and as a teacher of nearly twenty years' experience, is the author of the admirable work *The Higher Christian Education*. It is a very earnest dissertation on the principles and spirit, the modes, directions and results of all true teaching. Practical and suggestive, it shows the true ends at which education should aim, and the means by which such aims are to be reached. It is founded on a fully executed in every essential as in this work. The plan of interweaving poems of poetry from such authors as Whittier, Percival, Longfellow and others, is excellent, and in this the author has done justice to himself. For the rest—the illustrations, the satin-surfaced paper, the clear type,

The Worth-Hill Letter.

In our report of the trial of Worth, as found on the 14th page of this paper, reference is made to the reading of a letter in evidence. This letter has been furnished us for publication, which we gladly do, as there is a prevalent opinion abroad that the Quakers of Guilford are abolitionists, which opinion wrongs that society, as will appear from Worth himself. They say slavery is a sin, but being recognized by the Constitution, they have no right to interfere with it.

NEW SALEM, August 17, 1859.

Dr. Nathan Hill:

Dear Sir: Since the morning of the annual election, when I propounded to you the question in regard to voting, and which you answered, as I thought, rather exultingly, as if gratified with the opportunity of making it known that "you had voted above board for Gilmer," I determined, as soon as opportunity would offer, to discuss with you the propriety of that vote. Not knowing, however, when such opportunity might occur, I concluded to address you this line.

I begin with saying, I have not been so astonished at any occurrence since I came South as I was by the announcement aforesaid. You and I had conversed on the subject and agreed that slavery was an enormous sin, a heaven-daring iniquity, which should be immediately repented of and abandoned. We both agreed on the impropriety of voting for slaveholders, and that it was the duty of all Christians to labor for the utter overthrow of this system of wickedness and oppression. Can we be anti-slavery men and vote for slavery? Is Christ divided? "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God," is the command; and further—"choose ye out from among you just men that fear God and hate covetousness and set them to rule the people." Can an abolitionist choose a slaveholder to the glory of God, nay, can any man do it? Is John Gilmer a "just man," while holding his brother a slave and robbing him daily? Does he "hate covetousness," in the words of the text? So far from it, he robs his neighbor of wife, children, earnings, yea, of himself—leaving nothing.

John Gilmer is the advocate of perpetual and unending slavery. He is the defender of that infamous decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, which says the "negro has no rights, which the white man is bound to respect." A more truly infernal sentiment cannot be found among the maxims of the land pirate Murrell. The party to which he belongs is more intensely pro-slavery than the rotten Democracy itself. Witness Goggin of Virginia and Bell of Kentucky, as gubernatorial candidates in the late elections. Abolitionists voting for John A. Gilmer to go to Congress—the mob-leader, slave-holder, who buys and sells mothers and their babes—who drove Christ's ministers out of the land with murderous violence—telling them that though he fully recognized their Christianity, they could not and should not stay in the country. O! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, that the whole Quaker church, with an exception hardly worth mention, not only voted for this wicked man, but have been voting for slaveholders for nearly a century ever since the nation's birth, and all the while professing to "bear a faithful testimony against slavery." I charge the Quaker Church—with all its anti-slavery pretensions—with being one of the firmest props the infernal institution has in the land. I do not say it has been their design thus to support it, I only state the fact. The proof lies in no dubious inference. They have constantly voted for slavery and this is the most efficient support—slavery wants nothing more.

I grant you they have talked to some extent against slavery. But what of that? It only makes the matter worse. Suppose I were to talk in favor of temperance and drink all the whiskey I could find, would any one concede my claims to be a temperance man? But to return for a moment to Gilmer. It is said he has repented of his nobility, and will sin no more. Where is the proof? I cannot find it. I can prove the contrary—that he has not repented. When a man will acknowledge his crimes it looks something like repentance; but suppose he denies it. Gilmer went to lead the mob, and finding the job not so popular as he hoped, he now denies it, and says he only went to make peace. The proof exists to prove his guilt beyond denial and prove his denial false. But, say some, his course on Kansas was so praise-worthy we can now trust him. The least said on the Kansas question the better for Gilmer. No man's record in Congress is so obscure and crooked as his. He says, and says truly, the evidence to prove the Lecompton Constitution a forgery was overwhelming. Why then make so great a virtue of his voting against the forgery—against forcing it on Kansas? But what is to be said to the threat and the bribe with which Gilmer voted to approach Kansas to persuade her, if possible to submit to the abominable border ruffian constitution? The English juggle was worse than original Lecompton. It offered a bribe of millions to corrupt her, with a threat to keep her out of the Union, if she did not accept. Why did Gilmer insult Kansas with this threat and this bribe? His excuse is, he knew Kansas would reject it. How did he know it? The friends of freedom were greatly fearful that a wicked administration would worry out a suffering people till they would have to submit.

Shall I vote a villain the opportunity to commit a rape on my sister and excuse my vote under the plea that I believe my sister will be able to withstand him? The Bill was slavery's opportunity to commit a rape on the virgin soil of Kansas, and Gilmer voted the villain an open

door and a fair trial to effect his devilish purpose. I take it there is but one criterion of human duty in voting as well as in all things else, and that is to vote righteously and in accordance with the Divine will, and not to make the "times and the issues," and the "circumstances and consequences" the rule of our duty, for circumstances are variable and consequences are in the hands of Him, who controls results, not according to the expedients and devices of worms of the dust, but according to the counsel of His own will. If I understand you, it is not that you approve of Gilmer, the slaveholder, that you vote for him, but that you fear a worse man will succeed. You do not decay that Gilmer is an evil, but you hope by his election to overcome the evil by the greater amount of good. And pray, what is this, but doing evil, that good may come? This seems so plain that "he that runs may read." But it is said it is the best we can do under the circumstances. The very plan of the slaveholder; he says it is best under circumstances that he continue to hold the slaves. And thus under the plea of taking the least of the evils (Devils) have the society of Friends been building up slavery nearly a century. In the mean time slavery has grown infinitely worse.

Once you could free slaves—educate them—write and publish opinions against slavery, that time is past. These little evils (Devils) who have legislated for you, have blocked that gone. Still, you have gone to the polls and placed the whole government in the hands of slaveholders, you say they would be elected anyhow, therefore you could not help it. My response is, you do not want to help it; you do not try. It was your duty to set a good example in voting and not vote with the multitude to do evil. I have it from good authority, that a few years ago, an anti-slavery man became a candidate in Randolph for the General Assembly. He had a fair prospect for success with the aid of Friends' votes. They went to the Polls, and voted for a slaveholder and elected him, and the anti-slavery man was beaten. He bitterly remarked after the election that "if any man wished Quaker votes he must first buy a few negroes." A citizen of Guilford asked a leading Quaker (now no more,) how he could reconcile it to his profession to go to the Polls and vote for slaveholders? The friend replied he "did not hold his hat over his eyes whilst voting."

I would like to enquire whether such expect God to hold a hat over his eyes, when he sits in judgement on such hypocrisy and wickedness. The man asking the question was no professor, but too conscientious to vote for slaveholders. Another old man in Randolph told me the other day, that he had no confidence in the Quakers; for all his life long he had seen them talking one way and voting another. Again a friend of mine had several children removed by death. The remains were entered at Centre. He wished me to deliver a sermon extolling, on such occasions, and asked the use of the house. It was denied on the ground that I was a hiring minister, and Friends had a testimony to bear against such. The excuse was both a slander and a falsehood, as I was paying out of my own pocket a large portion of my necessary expenses. Now these men wipe their mouths with the satisfaction at having preserved their house from pollution, and went to the polls and voted for Gilmer as the least evil. O! what consistency!

Once more, Friends have a testimony to bear against war as well as against slavery, and I must confess I believe they are about as faithful in the one as the other. Zachary Taylor was a candidate for the Presidency, all the qualification he was known to possess was that he was well coated over with the blood of men, women, and children, shed in Mexico, in one of the wickedest wars that stains the page of history. He owned 400 human beings, whom he worked up into cotton bales on his Louisiana plantation. Now mark the result. Friends went in a body to the polls and sustained their long cherished testimony by voting for old Zack. Bah! The stench of General Taylor's murderous battle fields rises not more rankly to heaven than the smell of that pious goes up to the nostrils of God, which, professing to be opposed to all war and slavery, annually deposit its ballot to raise such men to the highest offices in the government. Another single fact attending this business is, whilst taking the least of the evils, one man takes one, his neighbor another, so that in the end, like Cowper's tale of Mussulman's hog—the whole of the evils are taken. I am acquainted with two ministers of the gospel both opposed to slavery, who, while such anti-slavery men as Aaron Stalker, John Russell and Nathan Hill voted for Gilmer as the least of evils; these ministers very conscientiously voted for Williams for the same reason. They had a noble reason for their vote, it was to save the Union. Their plea is just as good as that of Messrs. A. S. J. R. and N. H. This blessed Union for which "our fathers fought, bled and died a hundred times."

What a prize!! Yet I cannot vote for a slaveholder to save the Union, dear as it is. Truth is dearer than the Union. I cannot do evil that good may come. If the Union is only to be saved and held together by the cement of the blood of the slave, then let the Union perish. If the government is to be dissolved by the attempt to set the slave free, then let its dissolution come, and a shout louder than seven fold thunder go up to heaven at its extinction. Away with such Jesuitical doctrine that "the end justifies the means," that it is right to do evil that good may come. For to choose the least of two or more evils is, in fact, doing evil—doing what is supposed a less evil, with the hope of producing a greater good. Still it is doing evil that good may come. Can any

thing be plainer? I am heartily tired and sick with the professed friends of the slave, that they turned aside from the clearly revealed will and mind of heaven, to follow the delusive doctrines of expediency.

If the slave has no better friends than such, he well may turn in despair from earth, and look to God alone. Mackbeth's wife, after the murder of Duncan, found herself unable to remove the blood from the dagger. Even so, the blood of the slave attaches to every ballot cast for the slaveholder Gilmer, and no pains, labor, skill, art, or evasion can take it thence.

And I sincerely hope, that all such especially as call themselves anti-slavery men, who have in the alienism of political excitement, incurred the fearful responsibility of such voting, will, when that excitement shall have subsided, and reason, which has been dethroned, shall have its empire, be exercised with immediate repentance, and that they will feel within themselves a firm determination, under Divine aid, henceforth to do "works meet for repentance."

Yours very truly,

D. WORTH.

Rev. Dr. Fuller on the Slavery Agitation.

Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, has written a letter to Hon. Edward Everett on the effect of the slavery agitation, on the condition of the slave, from which we make the following extract:

"If anything is certain, it is, that the Gospel does not recognize hatred, abuse, violence and blood, as the means by which good is to be done. The Gospel is a system of love. It assails no established social relations, but it infuses love into hearts of those who are bound together, and thus unites them in affection. If the Gospel is to emancipate slaves, it will be, not by insurrection and massacre, but by a love which will melt off their bonds. Let the spirit of the New Testament triumph, and all wrath and anger and bitterness will cease. The South and the North will harmoniously consult as to the best interest of the Africans now in our midst; and masters will seek to promote the best welfare of those who have been committed to their care."

I do now believe that the guardianship of a kind master is, at this time, a great blessing to the African. If emancipation is ever to take place, it will be gradually, and under the mild, but resistless influence of the Gospel. Whether slavery be an evil or not, we at the South did not bring these Africans here—we protested against their introduction. The true friend of the African is, at the South, and thousands of hearts there are seeking to know what can be done for this race. There must be some limits to human responsibility, and a man in New England has no more right to interfere with the institutions of Virginia than he has to interfere with those of England or France. All such interference will be repelled by the master, but it will prove injurious to the slave. Dr. Channing was regarded as a leading Abolitionist in his day; but could that noble man now rise up he would stand aghast at the madness which is rife everywhere on this subject. One great principle, which we should lay down as immovably true, is, that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlling, benevolent spirit of Christianity, then the time for doing it has not come." Such was his language when opposing slavery. Were he now living, the delicious spirit of the day would denounce you and every true patriot. Nay, even Mr. Beecher is abused as not transcendent enough.

Jesus saw slavery all around him. Did he seek to employ force? He said, "All power in heaven and earth is given unto me, therefore go teach, go preach the Gospel."

No language can express my love for this Union. Others speak of the blessings it confers; I regard the Union itself as the greatest blessing, and other advantages as chiefly to be prized because they corroborate and perpetuate the Union. Hitherto I have smiled at all croaking about disunion; now I feel that the Union is in imminent danger. The tocsin of rebellion is heard from many quarters.

It is written in the book of Genesis, that when Rebecca, in danger of expiring, cried to God to know the cause of the strange pangs by which her frame was convulsed, the angel replied, "Thou carriest two hostile nations in thy bosom." Unless Heaven interposes, this land must be rent and torn by two nations burning with the fiercest hostility, and engaged in a fratricidal and most horrible warfare. I rejoice that there are yet spared to us some men of the old revolutionary stamp: men with hearts like yours to love the Union; with eloquence like yours, to sound the alarm ere it is too late, and to rally to the cause of the Union all who are worthy to be citizens of this great and glorious Republic. With great esteem, my dear sir.

Remitting.

The Virginia House of Delegates has passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 to erect a lunatic asylum west of the Alleghenies.

An informal meeting of the citizens of Memphis, Tenn., was held on the 24th ult., for the purpose of bringing prominently before the popular mind, Edward Everett for next President of the United States.

The match between Heenan and Sayers for the championship of the world, has been definitely settled, and the 16th of April fixed upon as the day upon which the great battle is to be fought near London.

The late news from Hungary will arouse Kosuth again. There really appears to be a Hungarian movement, in the country itself, which may lead to important results.

Times' Correspondence.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Jan. 10th, 60.

Oswald still—A view of Kingston and a digression—"The Athens" of the States—its past and present—Beaufort and Morehead City, an adventure between the two—Fort Macon.

Dear Times.—We hope your readers are not too much fatigued by our last jaunt to accompany us on another aerial flight; we dare not promise them as easy a journey as they have often made, when waited on the pinnacles of some of your accomplished and agreeable writers, but we do aver that they shall escape some of the wounds, bruises, ailments and sufferings we have endured.

Kingston is a lively village on the A. & N. C. R. R., where it crosses the Neuse; years ago it was afflicted with a slow decay, but within three years it has improved considerably. New houses have been put up and old ones been repaired and painted. Messrs. Dibble & Brothers have a large establishment here, as well as at Newbern and Goldsboro, whence they send out large numbers of barges, &c.; they also deal extensively in cotton and naval stores and altogether do quite a flourishing business; they were originally from Connecticut, but have for some years past thoroughly identified themselves with the rights and interests of the South. Not long since one of the brothers, who is connected with the firm in New York, was at one of Beecher's prayer meetings, when hearing the South abused, he arose in his place, and in an extempore address of great power defended it from the unjust aspersions and hurled back the foul accusations on the heads of those who sent them forth. Lenoir county was formerly famous for its fat hogs, but latterly more attention has been paid to cotton.

Newbern, the ancient abode of the muses, was our next point of detention; since the completion of the R. R. it has increased immensely in population and wealth; many of the old landmarks, both houses and people, still remain unaltered and standing quiet in the midst of the changes around them, they look on with unaltered mien as Time removes one by one their ancient fellows. This town was the seat of the Colonial Government and the Legislature met here; Tryon, the last of the Royal Governors, built a magnificent palace here, the taxes laid to complete which led to the Battle of Alamance. The ruins, or rather their traces, are still visible; the building having been destroyed by fire many years ago; there is a picture of it on the hills of the Merchants' Bank; the stables are still standing, almost entire; the road which Tryon cut, when he marched with his army from here to Hillsboro against the Regulators, may still be seen near Raleigh, where it is known as the "Old Road." The town has a good port and plenty of wharves, where naval stores and cotton are shipped principally to New York and Baltimore; large quantities of lumber are sent to the West Indies. They have an excellent academy endowed by the State for boys and girls, where many distinguished men and women have been educated, who gave the town its undying fame; it is situated in the midst of a large "Green" or park, affording delightful promenades for exercise or flirtation. But time and space are lacking for us to tell of the Masonic Lodge and Theatre; the splendid depot, the beautiful R. R. bridge, 1800 feet long, over the river, looking by moonlight like some fairy creation; the excellent Gas Works and the enticing walks by the river shore and Union Point; and we ought not to forget the Fair Ground situated on the bank of the river, but the relentless forces above-mentioned are calling us away, with one hand drawing a curtain over our fair picture and with the other pointing to distant and sterner duties.

We took the cars the other evening and ran down to Beaufort, reaching there about night-fall; it was dark and cold as we stepped on board a small craft, which was to carry us from Morehead City, the terminus of the Road across to Beaufort; it reminded us strongly of thrusting out into an unknown sea, and then we thought so much of certain dear ones left at home, that we really would rather have staid on dry land. However after a deal of swearing and pushing, tacking and polling, getting aground and getting off again we got across; next morning the still more difficult feat of going back was to be accomplished and this in a cockle shell of a skiff, without jib or rudder, one sail and one sailor; the little canoe danced over the waves and sailed into them and out again in a way that was too exciting to be pleasant, but after all she landed us safely in a high wind, that dashed the waves on shore as if in madcap sport.

Morehead City we found to be in a growing state with immense capabilities of improvement; a British vessel, not long since, took over 7,000 barrels burden out of the cars, and with this freight, without the aid of a tug, got to sea in less than half an hour. Fort Macon, a tremendous establishment, commands the entrance to the harbor; the defences are manned now only by a sergeant, and the tides are rapidly sweeping away the bank on which it stands; a little timely attention from Government now would save it millions of dollars in a year or two.

Yours, &c.,

P. S. S.

NEW YORK JANUARY 12, 1860.

59 and 60—Union Leagues—Congress—Extensive Conflagrations—Cold Weather—The Irving Magazine—Lola Montez and Hoops—Finley Johnson—The Drama—A Happy New Year

Dear Times.—Here we are scudding along the channel of another year, 59 has struck its colors and the pennant of '60 streams proudly from the mast head of Time. So, friend Times

here is our 227, and our sincerest wishes for "a happy New Year."

Now for the News. The News! did we say; in good truth there is no news,—well then for a little Gossip. Our City is just now prolific of "Union Leagues," and the indefatigable Dr. Radway is the founder of the movement; he has organized several clubs and the affair has become quite popular. The ridiculous position of Congress and its silly squabbles and senseless speeches form a fruitful source of gossip for all classes. Speaking without a speaker seems to be the order of the day in Washington. How long will it continue?

We have been lately visited by several extensive fires with heavy losses to Insurance Companies. Probably not less than two millions worth of property was destroyed during last month. In one of these conflagrations which took place in a large tenement house six lives were lost.

The metropolis has just emerged from one of the coldest terms it has experienced for some time. The Croton Water Pipes have been very generally frozen up, and the New Yorkers terribly put about. Notwithstanding the fact that for the past few days a moderately sized ship could sail comfortably up Broadway the City has seldom been dryer or livelier than at present—and certainly, at this season of the year never busier.

The new year brought with it its usual quantum of Periodical advents. Among the new aspirants for public appreciation and patronage we notice a large and elegant sheet called "The Irving Magazine," which promises much in the future. We have not yet found an opportunity to examine it minutely but hear it well spoken of.

The famous Lola Montez is enlivening us just now with her pungent lectures on general topics. In a recent disquisition on "Fashion" my Lady Lola observed that in her estimation the hoop mania was the only fashion that seemed to have originated in common sense; thinks them far preferable to a huge bundle of crinoline and she had no doubt that there are hundreds of people in their graves over whom a coroner's jury could truly return a verdict of "41 of 1 of petticoats." Well done Lola say we. Our heart is with the hoops now and hence forward.

Now, friend Times, a word for your private ear. The other night as we were doing our Lager and Havana in a Broadway restaurant who should come rolling in but the veritable FINLEY JOHNSON—we had heard of his poetic proclivities but had no idea he was so sound on his Lager. We sniggered frequently during a pleasant evening and got home next morning in time for breakfast.

The drama is reviving a little just now with us, and several novelties are on the tapis.—Among the most noticeable of these is a clever dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian" now being performed with much success at Laura Keane's Theatre. This is one of our best and most fashionable public resorts and always commands the choicest histrionic talent, and consequently the most select and paying audiences. And of all Theatrical managers Miss Keane is just the cleverest and most deserving and withal is an Union lady. Let your Southern friends hear this in mind when they visit our metropolis—and give her a call. Other places of amusement moderately active.

Nothing else worth noting.—So we withdraw

And now good readers of the Times, Queer-street tenders you each and all the compliments of the season and wishes you collectively and individually a very happy New Year.

As Ever and Most Truly,

QUEERSTREET.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 12, 1860.
Congressional Matters.—U. S. Agricultural Society.—Our Ministers to China and Spain.—Our Lee Harvest.

No practical advance was made in Congress yesterday, though there was an unusual exhibition of feeling and excitement. Some sharp language was used, the sergeant-at-arms was obliged to interfere, and for some time a collision was apprehended: As the Members are getting wearied with the monotony of balloting, and debating, it is feared that the clerk will have some trouble next week to keep order in the House of Representatives. It is thought that the prospect of the Republican's brightening, and as Mr. Sherman lacks only three or four votes of being elected, he may be chosen Speaker next week, though at present there is little hope of an early organization of the House.

The U. S. Agricultural Society held its second day's session in this city yesterday: A committee of five, was appointed to wait upon President Buchanan and conduct him to the society: on his appearance he was, in a brief address from Gen. Tilghman, presented a certificate of honorary membership which had been awarded by the society. The President returned thanks for the honor, and among his remarks said that though he was not a good practical farmer, yet he loved the life, and anticipated with much greater pleasure a return to wheatland in about eighteen months, than he had anticipated the pleasure of coming here as President. [Applause] The rest of the day passed off very pleasantly for all parties.

The Department of State received by the last mail from Europe dispatches from our Ministers to China and Spain. Mr. Ward was at Shanghai. He states that the Chinese are carrying out the provisions of the new treaty by paying all the claims presented. Trade, he adds, is going on as usual, and good feeling seems to prevail. Mr. Preston was in Madrid, and will remain there for the present. The pending difficulties between the two Governments are in fair way of an amicable adjustment. Although he is desirous of returning to

the United States to arrange affairs of a private nature, occasioned by the death of his father-in-law, it is deemed advisable by our Government that he should remain there until matters now under consideration are permanently settled. Woodley, his private secretary, who is a nephew of Mr. Preston, and an inheritor of the estate in Kentucky, is now on his way to this country to settle the affairs of the estate.

The ice dealers of our city took advantage of the freeze last week to fill their ice houses from the Potomac; perhaps there was never before a season more favorable for this purpose here than since the 1st of January, the past two days excepted. The ice was seven or eight inches in thickness, and as pure and free from pores as any usually received from the colder North: immense quantities have been packed away for use next Summer, and an item of some \$20,000 will thereby be saved to our dealers, which would otherwise have gone out of our City, for supplies of this necessary article of consumption, from the Northern market.

(The following interesting and well written letter of reflections upon the death of the old year, has been unaccountably delayed; but we publish it, because the passengers on board the new year are not too far from port to look back upon the past and meditate with profit.—Etc.)

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 30, 1859.

Dear Times.—Almost the last sand of the Old Year has dropped from the hourglass of Time. He is dying like a Christian—calmly, peacefully, and in smiles. His work is well nigh done, and the great beam of heaven has woven a white sheet to wrap him in, for the deep sepulchre of forgetfulness. I shake hands with the old veteran, with solemnity and sadness, for he bears to the bureau of the omnipotent MISTRUST of all affairs, a record of the past, that will be unrolled in the day of final accounts, "and who shall be able to stand" before its revelations, if repentance withhold not its testimony! How many changes has the Old Year witnessed in his life march!

How many hopes, how many fears,

How many joys, how many tears!

and along the further way of life, how many will look back and weep over the graves he has made, the hopes he gave and took away, the youth he has shaded with his cypress hands, and the tale he will tell, when Eternity stands at the great white Throne, to hear the story of the subjugated years!

The funeral sermon of the old monarch is written upon the broad leaf of silvering Nature, and the pensive choir of earth's cathedral is rehearsing the sad requiem, arranged by the great Master of melody, for the burial chant of the children of Time. Soon the last disparson will drift down the icy aisles of December, and the sea-waves of eternal silence close over the dead king of Fifty-Nine. But his biography will be written by the faithful finger of Infinite Wisdom, and laid in the grand library of God, and his history will tell, in the royal court of the King of kings, upon the eternal destiny of all who follow in his funeral train to the cold and solemn necropolis of the years.

With what solemnity should we stand at the base of the By-gone, and look away out at the unfurled Future that slopes before us. We are going down, down, as the days speed on. Far up in the blue and golden atmosphere of sinless infancy, smiles the first stage of varied life.—The steps of the days lead down, growing darker and darker as the foliage of fast coming maturity shuts out the sunny light of innocent childhood. We have traveled many stages from the *debut* of life, and stand now, upon the last step of the days of FIFTY-NINE. To-morrow the platform of another year will be crowded by millions of immortals, hurrying down the stair-case of Time, to the wide hall of Immortality. And how many are rushing headlong with profane lips and vicious hearts, thoughtless that "life so soon is gone," and after that the judgment!

But amid all the changes that the Old Year has wrought, we look back upon yours, dear Times, with pleasure. We are just a little bit proud that you had your birth in *our own native State*; for though our interest have long been identified with the Old Dominion, and we love her and her children, still there is no sound more musical and dear than the *Old State*; and we dream over the blessed, beautiful days of early years we lived within her bosom, half weeping that they have gone to come no more, and pray God *dear her!* May your progress be upward and onward, and your changes, during the coming year, be as pleasing as those of the past.

We are looking forward to your next visit, with unusual interest. We long to see the laurel wreath that encircles the graceful brow of our fair northern sister, "Clara Augusta;" and as we were not a competitor for the prize, this time, we shall behold it, without a spark of envy, of course, and congratulate her, with affectionate smiles, upon her recent victory.—Wishing you and her, and all the readers of the Times, a happy New Year, in *Union*, I am

Very truly yours,

SARAH J. C. W.

Southern Manufacture of Firearms.

A chance is now offered to the South to encourage the manufacture of firearms at the South. If there is really something substantial in the words now so freely used among Southern brethren, now is the time, and the opportunity is offered to show it. Some time since Calvin Cox, of Pitt county, N. C., invented a breech-loading rifle. This gun we well remember to have seen spoken of as the most perfect of its kind yet invented, the least liable to

get out of order and as equally effective as an army gun as any other. Now, Mr. Cox has made arrangements with a gentleman in Petersburg to manufacture this gun in quantities. So it will be seen if there is really a desire on the part of our sister States to encourage Southern manufactures Mr. Cox will certainly receive large orders for his rifle. We think the Petersburg manufacturer is A. F. Leonard, an extensive dealer in guns, &c. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Cox's rifle is at any rate equal if not superior to Sharpe's or any other breech-loading weapon. By all means let us have some encouragement given to Mr. Cox.

We have lately seen a letter from him in which he describes the last improvement he has made on his rifle—by which means it can be loaded with a flask and shot as often as *five* times in a minute. The new improvement also allows of patching the ball, thereby giving it equal accuracy and strength with the good old Kentucky Rifle, and making it a gun for sporting as well as the field of war. Breech loading guns generally load with a cartridge—Mr. Cox's loads with either cartridge or from a flask.

What say the Governors of our Southern States to giving Southern industry a trial?—What say Cox, Wise to encouraging his own mechanics a little? We trust that as nothing good can come out of or spring up in North Carolina the fact that this Rifle is manufactured in Virginia will save it from oblivion.—*Asheville (N. C.) Advocate.*

The Times' New Volume.

We thank our contemporaries for their continued favors and kindnesses. If our people would act with us as liberally as the Southern Press, we would have the satisfaction of a much stronger belief that the efforts to make THE TIMES a worthy Southern Family paper, were appreciated and approved.

"We congratulate the Editors of THE GREENSBORO TIMES upon the improvement which they have made in the typography and general appearance of their literary journal, by the introduction of several marks of taste. The Southern public would act wisely to patronize their home papers more than they have been in the habit of doing, and subscribe for the 'Times' and—*Asheville Express.*"

"The Greensboro Times has come to hand in an entire new dress. We are pleased to note this favorable indication of success which Messrs. Cole & Albright have had, may they long continue to receive it. The Times is a valuable family paper worthy of the support of every North Carolinian. Why go away from home for such periodicals when we have such superior ones of our own? Our people ought to learn that the more they pay to those northern Journals, the more they support abolitionism. Harper's Weekly, but as one of its Editors one of the most *fifty, foul-mouthed, snail, mean, abominable* abolitionists in the North. —We mean G. W. CURTIS. But we find southern men supporting that Journal. They may but we won't.—*Fayetteville Carolinian.*"

"The Times, an illustrated Southern family paper, published at Greensboro, North Carolina, greets us at the commencement of the year, in a new and improved dress, an increased amount of matter and a fresh department added to it. The reading is varied, and embraces a large variety of subjects, suited to different tastes, people (we would like to see an improvement here,) practical, philosophical, romantic, juvenile and political. With the new year commences one of the tales lately awarded the prize of \$50 by the proprietors, viz: "The Partisan Chief, or the Spectre of the Swamp," by ROBERT M. PAGE. Now is the time for new subscribers to reap the harvest of amusement promised in these tales. The typography of the paper is neat, close and clear.—*Charlotte Courier.*"

This decidedly Southern Literary Newspaper is out in a new dress for the new year, and is more worthy of patronage than any Northern Literary Journal, or one purporting to be such, that we are acquainted with, and if success does not await it, we know not why, for its Typography is beautiful indeed, and its contents acceptable in all respects.—*Thomasville Era.*

And, here is the Times, a good literary paper, published in our town, having such frequent and varied improvements. How neat it looks in its new adornings! Its enterprising editors should be liberally patronized.—*The Weekly Messenger.*

The Greensboro Times has been rigged out in a new and handsome suit, and is now one of the neatest, as it has long been one of the best literary papers in the country. The Southern people should drop such trashy publications as the New York Ledger, and subscribe for the Times.—*Asheville News.*

Bonner, who prints the *Ledger*, and pockets thousands of Southern dollars for his sentimental and exciting trash, has never been the man to utter one word in behalf of our Constitutional rights; while *Harper's Weekly*, judging it by some of its recent Editorials, is little better than an out and out Republican print. Let Harper cant against slavery in the abstract on the strength of Northern dollars; and let Bonner pay for his fast ten thousand dollar horses out of other than Southern money.—Let us support our own literature, our own schools, our own manufactures, and our own mechanics and artisans of all kinds.—*Raleigh Standard.*

Hon Judge Mason of Iowa who made himself so popular with the Inventors of the Country while he held the office of Commissioner of Patents, has we learn, associated himself with Munn & Co., of the Scientific American office New York.

Non-Intercourse of the South with the North.

From every part of the South, as far as we are enabled to judge from our exchanges, a resolute purpose is manifesting itself to suspend commercial and traveling intercourse with the North. We are much mistaken if this purpose shall not be sufficiently far carried into execution, during the present year, to affect most injuriously the interests of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

The slaveholding States have been amply forewarned in the last few weeks to prepare for the worst, and they have accordingly determined to forewarn. Evil was the hour to the North, as concerns all that she values most highly in connection with her future prosperity, when she drove those States to such an alternative. Can she exist without their custom? This is a question that she will perhaps be better prepared to answer twelve months hence than at present.

At the most moderate calculation the nine non-slaveholding States are benefited to the amount of a hundred million of dollars per annum by their traffic intercourse with the South. When deprived of this, what will be their condition? Poverty, abject poverty, to the industrial—and ruin, positive ruin, to those who furnish them employment.

As a general rule, trade intercourse once destroyed is rarely ever re-established. As between the North and the South, if a suspension occurs, then existing material relations between them can never, under any circumstances, be resumed. The latter, when she establishes her commercial independence, will be as alien to the former as she now is to Russia.

There is not a product of any description of the non-slaveholding States that the slaveholding States may not entirely dispense with such articles as they cannot import directly to vastly better advantage than they now receive them indirectly, they will soon learn to manufacture profitably.

Viewing the subject in this light, the Union may be regarded as practically at an end, as respects the future consumption of Northern products by Southern citizens, and the intercourse in travel between the one and the other. It will likely become as much a custom for Southern planters and others to embark at Southern ports for Europe, there to pass the summer months, as it has been heretofore for them to sojourn during those months in Northern cities and at Northern watering-places.

Never in the history of any country have politicians committed such stupendous blunders as have been committed by the politicians of the dominant party in the non-slaveholding States. They have almost as bad as cut the throats of the people whom they profess to love so dearly. Had they been actuated by sentiment of ordinary patriotism, or ordinary honesty, they would have encouraged unceasingly a spirit of devotion to the South, inasmuch as she was the best of friends—the benefactor which fed the tolling millions of their fellow-citizens.

But it is now too late for the making of adequate amends. The wind has been sown, and the whirlwind must be gathered. The South is at last in earnest and her armor will be felt—distressfully felt—in the North before midsummer.—*St. Louis Union.*

What the West can Manufacture.

One great source of power in a country is its manufacturing interests, and a country which can be at the same time a large manufacturing and producing country, is proof against all financial crisis, and must become powerful and prosperous. Such is the case with Western North Carolina. Producing within her mountain borders almost every necessary of life, but cotton, rice and coffee, she has, too, water-power sufficient to drive the machinery of a world. With such facilities, then, what can be here manufactured with profit? First, the large quantities of sulphure which exist in various places, together with the immense bodies of fine wood for charcoal, clearly indicate that the manufacture of powder would be here, as it is elsewhere, very profitable, and perhaps more profitable here than elsewhere.

Again, manufactures of woven goods. Here the wool can be raised, and will be if there is a demand for it. We know that at least one manufactory of this kind is carried on profitably in this State, though its proprietor brings some of the wool he consumes from Europe. Further, the manufacture of linseed oil.—This business is now carried on in a small way—there being one manufactory in this county owned by Mr. Coleman. There is still room for many more. This section is peculiarly adapted to the growth of flax, and, were there a demand, large quantities would be raised.

Then, too, would come in the manufacture of flaxen goods.

These manufactures can be carried on now, and there is no contingency as to a rail road to be put in. There are other articles, when we shall be blessed with the means of egress to the world, that will demand the attention of our people. The manufacture of iron and iron utensils must then be carried on. The Cranberry iron is said by judges to be the best in the United States or the world; we can easily infer what excellent nails and tools it would make.

And when we have a rail road, cotton factories, paper mills and various other works can be put up and carried on profitably. One thing is certain, that if we are to be independent of the North, the South must manufacture for itself; and when that is to be done, Western North Carolina will present as many attractions to the eye of the builder as any other section of country on the earth.—*Asheville (N. C.) Advocate.*

The Cemetery.

BY MARIE LANSING.

A little way without the city,
Where the softening cypress waves,
Where the winds are low and mournful
In the peaceful place of graves:
The silent places, the solemn places,
Of low and quiet graves.

Rich and poor bow'd low in sorrow,
Dropt in sable folds of gloom,
Bully tread the same road over,
Which leadeth to the place of gloom:
To the place of shades and shadows,
To the dark and silent tomb.

And the horse moves slow and solemn,
With its dark and mournful path,
As if seeking awful darkness,
Round another home shall fall:
Round each heart that once was brave,
Soon a black'd pall shall fall.

Oh they'll wait their loved ones' coming—
As they did in days before—
And scarce when remembrance intereth,
"Thou canst see thy friend no more;
For the grave with all its darkness,
Will keep its trust for evermore."

And many a one whom we meet daily,
"In the weary march of life,"
Each no loss of life and pleasures,
Nor for earth's unequal strife;
And his spirit lengtheneth always,
For the new and untold life.

Yes, his heart is buried, buried,
In the low and silent grave,
And his spirit always wandereth,
To the place where without grave:
To the place of peace and quiet,
Where there's many a grave.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Partizan Chief;

OR, THE

SPECTRE OF THE SWAMP.

A Tale of South Carolina.

DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY ROLAND M. PAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

AGAIN will we return to the pleasant precincts of Pine Grove.

On the day following the impromptu duel, both Ernest Elliott and Arthur Gordon were at Mr. Waldmore's mansion to partake of its bounty.

They were entertained by that gentleman, before the ladies had finished their toilet. The latter finally appeared. Kate was dressed with her usual good taste, a robe of pure white, without ornament of any kind upon her snowy neck, or rounded arms, while a single diamond glistened amid the tresses of her hair.

The toilet of her mother was elaborate. A regal looking purple silk, appeared to disadvantage upon one so mild, and delicate as herself, while a ponderous hoop contained its voluminous folds, according to a fashion nearly extinct at that time. When it was announced that dinner was ready to be served, Arthur Gordon offered his arm to Kate, and Ernest, with his usual, well-bred courtesy, conducted the mother, while Mr. Waldmore went in front.

The first portion of the meal, though rather long, passed pleasantly away, and then the ladies rose, leaving the gentlemen to enjoy themselves over their wine.

"Fill up gentlemen, fill up, I will propose a toast," said Mr. Waldmore, at the same time pouring his goblet full of fine old port wine.

"Here's to lasting friendship between you two," said he, raising his glass.

Ernest drained his glass, as did Mr. Waldmore, but Gordon remained untouched, but neither of the others appeared to notice this breach of politeness.

"It is now your time, Captain Gordon, to propose a toast," said Mr. Waldmore.

"I will give you one," was his reply, "here's to King George and Lord Cornwallis."

With the courtesy of a true gentleman, Ernest drank this, and was called upon for a sentiment.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I offer you a toast that should warm the heart of every one whose blessing it has been to be born on this lovely continent. I offer you General George Washington, and his best subordinate, Francis Marion."

Arthur's face flushed, and he bit his lip, but hot-headed as he was, he thought it best to comply, especially after Ernest had drunk to his, he accordingly did so. After this, Ernest left the two discussing the comparative merits of Port and Madeira, while he sought Kate, whom he found walking in the garden; we will not disturb their conversation, or give the reader the many expressions of endearment used on that occasion, for fear of horrifying my confirmed-bachelor readers.

"I am surprised sir," said Gordon, when Ernest had retired, "I am surprised that you should permit a man who is a well-known rebel-leader, to visit your house."

"I know of no principle," replied Mr. Waldmore, "that should cause me to treat disrespectfully the son of an old friend, for as such I ranked his mother, on account of his being a soldier, or an officer on either side in the struggle that is now going on. It is my duty to receive as friends all who choose to stop at my house, and are capable of conducting themselves as gentlemen while under my roof. You are acting strangely in the matter Captain Gordon."

"No sir, I am not acting strangely," persisted Arthur. "Tis true that he is related to me but at the same time I consider that in becoming a rebel as he has, and throwing off his allegiance to his King, he forfeits all claim to friendship, and regard."

"I was not speaking," replied the host, "of his duty to the King, but of the question whether it was proper for me to permit his visits. You will allow that it is my duty to treat with hospitality all that may ask it. I can do no more, nor less than that."

"As far as policy is concerned, you are right and you have acted out your idea so well, that neither party can tell, to which side your sentiments belong."

Gordon had a deep motive in all he said, he wished to find out how Mr. Waldmore's feelings lay, but his designs seemed to be perfectly understood by their object, for he reasoned so clearly, and with so much force as to leave him perfectly in the dark.

"I am with the peace party," began the former, in reply to the guest's last words, "from the first, I have deeply deplored this war, and have long wished it ended, enough blood has been shed."

"You are with the peace party," repeated Gordon, "and wish the war to be ended, when it is ended pray tell me with which would you rather the victory would be?"

"The one that would bring peace to this distracted land," was his reply.

"Then sir, you wish the forces of his majesty to triumph, they fight for that peace, which you so strongly wish to rule again in this land."

"Yes, you are fighting for peace," said Mr. Waldmore, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "you have been fighting for it for five long years, and still, you are no nearer it than you were five years ago at Lexington and Bunker Hill. You are further from subduing the colonies than at that time; those whom you see fit to term Rebels, have become more numerous."

peaceful men have been driven to arms by atrocities from which a savage would recoil with horror these same Rebels, I still use your term, are better prepared, for many arms and munitions have fallen into their hands. To sum up the whole state of things, we get this result, both parties are unyielding, and there is no prospect of speedy peace."

Mr. Waldmore had allowed the heat of the moment to carry him farther than usual, but he was excited by the topic, and discussion of good wine, and he spoke in a manner, perfectly unusual to him. Gordon listened to him attentively, seeming to weigh every word as it fell from his lips, he finally answered.

"Your words are very true, the chance for either side to conquer seems small, it is true that no more than three weeks ago, the army from which they expected so much was defeated, it was thought this would settle the contest, in the south, at least; but no, Marion is still abroad, with a force with which, I freely admit, he does much injury to us. It is then, the duty of all, to join the right side, and end the war."

"How are we to decide which is the right side?" asked Mr. Waldmore.

"Join the King's side, and do battle for your sovereign," was his reply.

"Perhaps that may be the right side," said Mr. Waldmore, rising as if to discontinue the conversation, "I think, however, that I will do a better business to stay at home, and attend to my own affairs, leaving others to fight it out as best they can."

He quit the room while saying this, accompanied by his guest, and sought the ladies, in the parlor. Mrs. Waldmore was there, but Kate was elsewhere.

Arthur wished to see her, and having no doubt as to where she could be found, he made his way toward the beautiful garden adjoining the mansion.

He was not disappointed in his expectations, for he met her, returning to the house after having bidden adieu to Ernest; he bowed politely, at the same time saying.

"Will Miss Waldmore have any objection to showing me the floral curiosities of this garden?"

Kate bowed in acquiescence, at the same time refusing his proffered arm.

"I suppose," said he gallantly, "that you preside queen over this beautiful domain."

"I admire them very much," she replied, "and frequently gather them into bouquets, further than that, I have no dominion, the gardener rules like a king in all other cases."

"I see," said Gordon, "that you have a spice of wit in your character, and it is quite refreshing after the dull monotony of talking politics with your father."

"Is it possible that he has been talking politics, 'tis the first time, then, for many years?"

In the meantime Gordon had plucked two roses from their stem, one white, the other red and twining them together, begged her to accept them, with the signification.

"Pray, Captain Gordon, what is its signification? Snow stained by blood?"

"You appear to be slow of perception," he replied, while a flush mounted to his cheeks, "I mean the destiny of a rough soldier, united to the purity of the household angel."

"I do not yet see its application," said she, "pray use fewer metaphors."

"I will explain myself," he replied, "Will you unite your destiny with mine, in other words will you become my wife, after the war is over?"

Kate was so much astonished by this declaration, that for a moment she knew not what to answer, but she recovered from her surprise quickly, and replied—

"You are surely jesting. What you ask is utterly impossible."

"I am not jesting, and there is nothing impossible, where there's a will, there's a way."

"Yes, it is impossible. I tell you candidly I cannot become your wife."

"Perhaps there is some prior claim, are you already betrothed?" he asked.

"I do not know your right to question me," she replied, "but I will answer you, I am."

"Already betrothed?" he replied. "May I enquire to whom?"

"I will answer that also," she replied. "To your cousin, Captain Elliott."

"To Ernest Elliott," said he, affecting astonishment. "It cannot be, I know he has been guilty of many dishonorable actions, but I cannot believe this of him."

"I cannot understand your meaning, of what has he been guilty?"

"Listen, and I will fully explain. You know he was brought up principally in my father's house, through his being constantly in my sister's company, he succeeded in winning the affections of my sister, the consent of my parents was gained and they were betrothed, and now I find that he has proven false to her."

"Have you spoken truly?" were all the words Kate could force through her lips, at the same time she strove hard to maintain her calmness, but all in vain.

"As God is my witness, I have told you nothing false," was his reply.

A quick, sharp look of pain came over her face, her eyes grew dizzy, her head swam, and she would have fallen, had it not been that her natural pride came to her assistance to prevent her showing how deeply she felt.

She bade him good evening with as much calmness as she could summon, and then returned slowly to the house.

While he, who had caused her all this pain, only sneered triumphantly, while gazing at her retreating figure. Then ordering his horse to be brought, he mounted and rode away, a sardonic smile, still upon his face.

He was well pleased, he had accomplished the object for which he came, he was satisfied that the sympathies of Mr. Waldmore were with the patriots, and he had also accomplished his design against Ernest Elliott.

"All works well," said he to himself, as he rode along. "If she don't come over to my view of things, I will only get an order for confinement, and then all will be as I wish. I can then have affairs in my own hands, and well, for rapidly will I use my power, all works well for me."

CHAPTER X.

Very bitter were the thoughts of Kate Waldmore while tossing upon her bed that night. Love's young dream had been cruelly cast to the four winds of heaven, and her heart was left desolate, conflicting emotions were busy with both head and heart, and try as hard as she would to lose all remembrance in the oblivion of sleep, the agonizing thought, "He is another," kept her awake to painful reflections.

She had been very happy in the society of Ernest, but now, her cup of happiness was dashed rudely to the ground, and in its stead, the iron goblet of misery was placed. She pondered long upon the best course to pursue, she had determined to act decisively with the one who had proven false to another, and that other, his own cousin.

Sometimes she would conclude to send for him, and tell him all that Arthur had said of him, but no! her pride, for who has not a portion of that indispensable article? would revolt from such a seeming attempt to force from him a denial of the charge. Again did she decide to await his coming as he would surely do, on the morrow, and then request a release, but in that case she could not obviate the explanation he would be sure to demand.

The next proposition which occurred to her was to write, and inform him of the change in her feelings, saying nothing of the cause, this method she determined to adopt. Then she thought he would come to her immediately for her to explain.

"I must fix upon some plan," said she thoughtfully, "to avoid meeting him. I had better visit some friend, I have made many promises to pay lengthy visits, and I must now fulfill one of them, most of them are too far away for these dangerous times. Let me think which is the shortest distance from here, Ah! Eva Gordon, his betrothed is quite near, not quite a day's journey, but how could I bear to be in her society after what has happened? I will not mind it, she once spent several weeks with me, and I have not yet repaid them—Now, that I think of it he is the cousin Ernest of whom she spoke so often, and in tones which I once thought friendship, but now understand as those of love, but Eva is a sweet girl, too pure for one who has acted so falsely as he. My mind is fully made up, I will go."

After having arrived at this conclusion, sleep was no longer refused her, the drowsy god nestled gently on her tender eyelids, and she was no longer denied the so much-needed rest. Her sleep was not calm like that of the night before. It was disturbed by many dreams, not sweet as formerly, but now, filled with troubled pictures. Often would she start up, and awake, when, a serpent, bearing Arthur Gordon's features, would start up in a pathway of flowers, and throwing out its forked tongue drive her back again.

Thus passed the night, full of a strange mixture of pleasant and horrible visions, until at last the first dawn of day gilded the eastern horizon.

Kate was usually an early riser, but this time, she was up earlier than usual, and engaged herself in packing her wardrobe, for her intended visit.

While engaged in this occupation, her mind was busily preparing the note to Ernest Elliott; when she had decided upon its manner, she sat down and wrote. "Tis needless to give the document after her fingers were done tracing the delicate characters. Its contents may be imagined by any hardened sinner, who has

been filled in his life-time, (and, may I ask, what one has not?) or by any sentimental maiden, or proud spinster, who ever had the honor to give Tom, Dick, or Harry, the mitten.

At breakfast she made known to her parents her intended departure, to the considerable surprise of both, but neither made any objection, they were rather pleased than otherwise.

A servant was despatched with the note, and then Kate entered that cumbersome, yet time-honored vehicle, the family carriage. Lumbering over rough roads, and gliding along smoothly sandy highways, at an exceedingly slow gait, if considered beside the motion of this fast age.

Towards the middle of the afternoon it made its last stop, and Fate was set down in front of Cedar Mansion, Mr. Gordon's elegant residence.

She was met in the door by Eva, a fair girl, rather on the spirituelle than earthly order.

With deep, dark blue eyes, that lighted up a sweet face, embracing Kate in her arms, Eva tried to express the joy she felt at this unexpected visit, from one she had always dearly loved; but her words fell like coals of fire upon the ears of her guest.

"Oh! dear Kate, I'm so very, very happy now, I have been so lonesome in this great, old mansion, ever since Ernest and Arthur have been away in the armies. They're both Captains now, but on different sides, Ernest is under Marion, while Arthur is a Tory."

"What! call your own brother a Tory?" exclaimed Kate in surprise.

"Yes I do," she stoutly replied, "He is a Tory, and deserves to be called by his right name; Ernest is on the right side, he is a whig, some call him, Arthur I mean, calls him a rebel, but I don't care for that, I'm one too, ain't you Kate?"

Thus rattled on, the artless girl, in the excess of her happiness, but Kate's last hope, if she had had any left, was blasted by hearing Eva speak so fondly of her cousin, always using his name in a more endearing tone than that of her brother.

She tried to make herself cheerful enough to converse agreeably with the fair girl by her side, but in spite of herself, her thoughts would revert to Pine Grove, and Ernest Elliott. She tried in vain to disguise the fact that she still loved Ernest, but his image was too deeply rooted in her heart to be so easily removed. Such is love.

CHAPTER XI.

The servant, sent by Kate with the note for Captain Elliott, found him approaching Pine Grove and delivered it to him.

Ernest tore it open hastily, thinking something dreadful had happened, and she had sent for him, but upon reading its contents, he found his mistake. His face grew pale, and he clutched the mane of his horse to avoid falling from the saddle.

"What does this mean?" he asked, turning his gaze upon his bearer.

"Dunno, Mass Ernest," replied the darkey. "Youse got ritin, an' ken read, Jake no got ritin, an' can't read of he did hevin, ki' yi'!"

"Then I will go and find out for myself," said Ernest thoughtfully.

"What you gwine 'an' what you gwine far?" asked the negro.

"I am going to Pine Grove, and to see your mistress," was his reply.

"Which missus you gwine to see? ole missus or young miss?" asked Jake.

"Your young mistress of course, but what is that to you?" asked our hero.

"I jes' wanted to tell you dat young missus, Miss Kate I mean, hab gon' away."

"Gone away?" repeated Ernest, "where has she gone? and when did she go?"

"Dunno," was his answer. "She dun started 'fore I cum way from home."

"Then I will follow her, and learn the meaning of this," said Ernest.

"No use Mass Ernest," she dun gon' tree hon's ago," was the reply of Jake.

"Where has she gone? I will easily overtake her," said Ernest, at his talkativeness.

"Lor' mass Ernest didn't I tell you I dunno she never told me, an' I didn't ax her."

"Cease your foolish words!" Ernest impatiently exclaimed, "I am tired of your garrulity."

"No'd at my what Mars Ernest?" asked Jake, his eyes wide open in astonishment.

"You can return now," was the only reply, Ernest was in no humor for such actions.

The negro returned to Pine Grove, and Ernest started in the direction of his camp.

A thousand conflicting emotions rushed tumultuously through his whole being, while various were the plans offered for the consideration of his mental faculties.

After various arguings, pro and con, he finally concluded to let matters take their own course, while he returned to Marion at Snow's Island.

He no longer wished to be near the place, where almost every object would bring back remembrances of his happiness, now so cruelly blighted; he wished, if such a thing were possible, to forget all, in the stirring scenes of battle; he wished to drown the voice of unhappiness, which had, in the last few minutes, settled over him, in the actions of forces, and deeds of arms, to which he had become accustomed; lastly, he wished to forget that such a thing as love had ever been felt by him.

He considered himself as having been the victim of a heartless coquette, one who had turned him into a confession, and betrothal, and afterwards cast him away, like a child who has become tired of some toy, a bauble merely, which first pleased, and then disgusted; but when he again thought of her loving heart, and

gentle nature, he found himself fast losing all confidence in his former opinion. Amidst all these different emotions, he rode along until he reached the camp, then having the men put in readiness as quickly as possible, he placed himself at their head, and started on the march to Marion.

On the way, he learned the total rout of the enemy at Cedar Mansion, a few miles farther on, and he met Marion himself, who had been abroad with only a few men, to look after a large body of the enemy under Watson, who was in search of him. "Twas but a few miles back to Snow's Island, and Ernest and his commander proceeded the rest of the way in company."

"You missed being at the last conflict Elliott, which, by the way, was at your uncle Gordon's."

"Yes sir," replied Ernest, "but I should liked to have been there."

"You, no doubt, would be happy to see your relations, you were raised with them, I believe."

"Yes sir," replied Elliott, "I wish to see them much. It has been several months since I saw them."

"You can have a furlough," answered his commander, "after we finish a little needful work upon an old acquaintance. Watson is again in the field, and we must be after him again soon, after we settle him, you will have a chance to visit your relations."

"You are very kind sir," was Ernest's reply, "but I would not wish my private affairs to interfere with my country's good, the cause of liberty needs every arm that can strike a blow in its favor."

"Bravely spoken! bravely spoken!" Marion exclaimed, "but it'll not be hard to drive Watson back into Georgetown, and he will surely rest there for a while."

Ernest was one of Marion's most esteemed officers, he conversed with him with more freedom than he was in the habit of doing with any other officer, and often consulted him as to various minor details of his orders, a thing he was never in the habit of doing with others.

A half hour's hard riding, and just as the sun went down behind the western hills, in a flood of glory, they reached the camp.

It is, with soldiers, as with sailors, a strong bond of sympathy connects them together and after a separation, of no matter how short a time, they greet each other as if brothers. The many privations, and hardships, which were undergone together by them, only strengthened the bond existing between them, rendering it almost indissoluble; affluence may separate, but danger and fatigue, will bring together.

CHAPTER XII.

All was stir, and hurried preparation in the camp at Snow's Island the second day after the events narrated in the last chapter. What could be the cause?

The scouts had brought intelligence that Watson was abroad for the purpose of punishing Marion, for his last attack upon Captain Gregar, and had taken up his quarters at the scene of the late surprise, Cedar Mansion, Mr. Gordon's residence, there to send out detached companies, to cut him off.

The hopes, both of the partizans, and their chief, beat high at the prospect of meeting Watson, who was leader of the strongest body of the enemy, in that direction. But, though his command numbered several hundred, and that of Marion but one hundred and sixty, did they fear the result? No, they had confidence, both in themselves, and their leader, and the spirit of liberty within them, was unconquerable. As usual, the mind of their leader was instantly made up, and in twenty minutes after the receipt of the intelligence, his whole force was in rapid motion.

Fifteen hours' hard riding, brought them within one mile of the encampment which was on the lawn, adjoining the mansion; nearer than this, they could not proceed, for Watson, determined to guard against a surprise, had thrown out lines of sentinels, in every direction, for nearly that distance.

A halt was then ordered, while Marion, accompanied by one or two officers, Ernest among the number, advanced cautiously to the edge of the swamp, to reconnoitre. Once there, at a glance they took in the whole scene, which was far from the dull sameness which characterizes most military encampments, and their vicinity. In the distance stood Cedar Mansion, in the rear of which arose a beautiful grove of the trees from which it took its name. On the right of the house stood the tents of the soldiers, arranged with precision, and an air of neatness, while the white canvas glistened like silver, in the rays of the morning sun, which fell on them. The soldiers, dressed in their gay looking red coats, were seen performing their evolutions in front of the house, while the sentinels could be seen, stationed at regular intervals in different directions, all giving a picturesque view to the beholders.

But Marion viewed not these things with the eye of an artist; true, he had an eye for the beautiful, and a mind well fitted to properly receive its impressions, but this was no time for that; he gazed with the eye of a soldier, looking for the strong and weak points in the enemies' position, perhaps he might be required to test those points, and it would be well to know, in advance, how far they might favor him, or cause him to find difficulties before him. At last, he seemed to become satisfied, for he rode back, in silence, to his men. Putting the men again in motion they moved on. When next a halt was ordered, it was in the midst of a laurel thicket, so dense as to be impassable.

Their leader here dismounted, his men fol-

